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THE NEW SONG.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the claspings of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn;
Sing songs that were sung when Jesus was born;

With glad jublations

Bring hope to the nations,

The dark night is ending, and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun;
All speech flow as music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations with chorals of love;
Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the heart of the people keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord.

Clasp hands of the nations

In strong gratulations,

The dark night is ending, and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun;
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, West, North and South, let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began;
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man.

Hark! joining in chorus,

The heavens bend o'er us;

The dark night is ending, and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun;
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

DIARY OF THE SECRETARY.

July 18. Llandrindod Wells, Wales. Walked to the top of a neighboring hill and saw the sunset from the churchyard of a little old, stone edifice, which has had sparsely attended services (Episcopal) for 300 years. A farmer by the name of Owens lives near by and we became acquainted and compared notes on American and Welsh farming.

July 19. Still drinking the waters of Llandrindod and with good effect; walking, resting, riding, and eating make up most of the incidents of the day. Attend morning prayers at 10 A. M. at the Calvinistic Methodist Church.

Sunday, July 21. Worshipped at the Congregational Chapel in the morning and at the Methodist in the evening. Mr. Thomas, an enterprising merchant, trains a fine large choir of boys and girls who sing admirably in Welsh or English.

Monday, July 22. Drove to Pennibont, a small village a few miles away, with friends. There was a Friends' house of worship at this place and I enjoyed a call on a Quaker lady, whose fervent piety and audible responses in prayer reminded me of the Methodist people more than the Quakers I knew in childhood.

Tuesday, July 23. Gave a lecture on the Battle of Gettysburg at the Congregational Chapel to a good audience, among whom were many ministers of different denominations. Dr. Evans of New College, London, presided. He is building a new and elegant cottage in this his native principality, and pursues his studies as well as enjoys his rest among the Welsh hills. Mrs. Evans prepared a helpful map of the battlefield and mine host Villiers of the Park House, painted a picture of Gen. O. O. Howard on horseback to illustrate it. I was introduced as "the Henry Richard of America"—an entirely undeserved

compliment—but it secured hearty applause and a sympathetic hearing. Mr. Richard was loved and honored by all his Welsh countrymen. A collection of about \$20 was taken up for the Chapel debt, a luxury not confined to our side of the water. I had my first experience in addressing any but an American audience on our Civil War. I was struck with the rapt attention and intelligent interest shown in the subject by all. Some of my words were new to my audience, especially the word "mad" quoted in the sense of angry—they thought I meant insane!

July 24. How refreshing these letters and newspapers from home! It is a rainy day and I enjoyed resting and reading after my morning draughts of "Saline" and "Chalybeate." A coal fire in the grate of my room is a great comfort even in July.

July 25. Was sad to bid my friends, Rev. and Mrs. P. Husband Davies, good-by on their return to London, their vacation in their native land being over.

July 26. The guests of the Park House were photographed by our host. A sunny day with a clear, blue sky and westerly wind. Walked a few miles to the farm rented of Mr. Gibson Watt by a Mr. Jones. I enjoyed the twittering pewet, which followed me, the many unaccustomed flowers, the grassy byways and preserved forests, the smoothly cultivated but hilly farm with stone house and barn; a glass of milk from the farmer's wife, a chat with a boy who came to harness the horse to haul the hay from the field to the stack. Farmer Jones is a singer and the Oratorio book was well thumbed and I have no doubt, the music was mastered and well sung by him. I wish our rural populations would cultivate singing as do the Welsh. Their congregational singing of favorite tunes is uplifting. Everybody, from eighty to five years, seems to know tunes and words and all join as heartily as hungry people eat.

Sunday, July 28. Preached the Gospel of Peace to a full congregation at the Methodist Chapel and spoke a few words at the Congregational Chapel. Peace publications were eagerly received at the close of my remarks as they always are at home. Enjoyed evening prayers with much singing with nearly all the guests in the drawing-room of the hotel. All kneel and all appear reverent and devout. It seems natural for the people to appear thus and I am glad to miss the appearance of constraint and concession that I have noticed in similar circumstances in America.

July 29. What a lovely little river is the Ithon along whose banks I wandered till the time of the evening prayer-meeting which I was glad to attend. To the latter came the neighboring farmers and their families. The engagements of those who receive guests in their households keep many away at this season. Radnorshire is agriculturally the poorest of Welsh counties, but the out-of-door markets, with neatly dressed women, selling chickens, lamb, eggs, etc., after their long walks over the grassy paths of the hills, show thrift and industry.

July 30. Went with friends to Llandovery, thirty miles, to an Agricultural Fair. The ancient town, the chapels, the old ruined castle, the exhibition of plants, flowers, fruits, horses, dogs—all interested me. I gave in the *Angel of Peace* for October, some account of the prize dog trial, and have greatly enjoyed the Welsh colliers and their shepherd masters. During the day I saw no drunkenness or gambling and heard no profanity,

but was sorry to hear that the evening was not without these things.

July 31. Rode with a large party to the ancient town of Builth twelve miles away on the river Wye. Here is another old ruin, scarcely more now than "heaps upon heaps." Samuel Davies, aged 84, and named "king of Llandrindod," went with us. He is a native Welshman, a lover of his country, her customs, language, history, scenery and religion. He has retired from business and lives in Liverpool, but every summer he does the honors of Llandrindod and its vicinity in a courteous way greatly helpful to strangers. I seem to be the only American here.

August 1. Everybody has relatives in our country, Dr. Evans three brothers. I have met soldiers here who served in our Civil War, and am heartily welcomed by all who have been in "the States." I gave, by invitation, a peace address in the Baptist Chapel this evening, Rev. Mr. Jones, the pastor, making me cordially welcome. Took tea with my friends Dr. and Mrs. Evans, and went over their new and delightful "cottage."

August 2. What an exhilarating ride over the hills on the back of a Welsh pony, small but tough and sure-footed, belonging to Brother Williams, Methodist pastor and general care-taker of us all. Dr. Evans rode with me. We do not dismount to open the many gates, nor are we confined to roads or even paths, but roam over the pastures and among the bracken at our own sweet will. We visited the ancient parish stone church at —, and crossed a picturesque foot-bridge.

August 3. Went to London. Had a delightful hour in the old town of Shrewsbury. Took a room for the night at Holborn Viaduct Hotel, where a good bed aided me to restful repose.

Sunday, August 4. At Newman Hall's church, A. M. Heard an excellent sermon from Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., the Sunday-school preacher and writer, my neighbor in Boston. His gown disguised him at first, but his speech disclosed my old friend. We observed the communion. The service is neither Episcopal nor Congregational, and one feels at first a little confused at the mixing of the two accustomed forms. Dr. Peloubet invited me to share his room on the *Cephalonia* which sails from Liverpool for Boston. Attended evening service with friend Rev. P. H. Davies at the new Tabernacle of which he is pastor, and engaged to preach for him the next Sabbath.

By invitation of Mrs. Henry Richard, whose husband was so many years the able and acknowledged leader of the Peace movement both in Great Britain and on the continent, I spent the afternoon with herself and sisters in the house where my friend and teacher whom I never saw, lived and died. It was refreshing to talk of him with those who knew and loved him best, to look over his familiar books, to observe the method and thoroughness of his habits of study, to sit in his chair and bow with his family at their home altar in prayer for a double portion of the spirit of the departed. The album which contained the photographs of his friends; the autographs of those who joined in the noble gift made him at the close of his secretaryship; the minor details of his home-life; his last visit to Wales, and his peaceful exit from his native land to the heavenly country—all these things too sacred for public perusal had for me a tender and profound interest. He had the calmness of conscious strength, and whether in the quietude of home or the *eclat* of public occasions, God "kept him in perfect peace because his mind was stayed on Him." I was thankful

for the kind gift of his photograph and one of the later editions of his always valuable works. Subsequently I visited Mr. Richard's grave in the crowded burying ground of the Dissenters at Stoke-Newington (Abney Park). His remains lie among those of his friends and co-workers, the more prominent dissenting ministers, and are to be marked by a suitable monument procured by the subscriptions of friends and admirers.

Tuesday, August 6. Called on Mr. James McHenry, Addison Road, next to Holland House, the home for a brief period of the poet Addison, and at one time the resort of the leading minds of London. Mr. McHenry is a friend of President Tobey and my welcome was assured when I presented the kind letter of my friend. His house and conservatory are all interesting. So many beautiful acres of park in the midst of crowded London! I was sorry to learn that Holland House Park of thirty acres will soon be sold and probably cut up into house-lots. The visitors' album at Mr. McHenry's contained many distinguished names from our own and other countries, among which were those of the wife of President Lincoln, Gen. Grant, William Winter, the Queen of Spain and several English and European celebrities. A small cannon placed at the door of an arbor was so unaccustomed a sight that I inquired for its history and learned that it was presented to Mr. McHenry by the city of Pittsburg, Pa., during our Civil War, in recognition of his presentation of a battery to be used by the Union Army. Mr. McHenry is a man of large business interests in America and England. His sister in Philadelphia is prominent in philanthropic labors. The fort at Baltimore was named for one of his family. While Mr. McHenry was engaged with some important business, his relative, a pleasant young lady from Belfast, Ireland, showed me about the lovely grounds.

August 7. Called by invitation on one of my Llandrindod acquaintances and lunched with his partners and friends, Mr. Samuel Sharp, Sharp, Perrin & Co., near St. Paul's church. He showed me the various departments of his great warehouse or store, as we would call it, where the business of buying and selling ladies' and children's garments is carried on to almost an incredible extent. Buyers were present from South Africa and Australia. The members of the firm seem pronounced Christian men, interested in the moral and spiritual welfare of their numerous employees. As traders they appreciate and promote international peace. As Christians they believe in it. War is the enemy of trade as it is the implacable foe of Christianity.

August 8. Had a pleasant call upon Hon. John C. New, U. S. Consul General. Made the round of several bookstores and places of historical interest: Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, the Thames bridges, Bunyan's grave at Bunhill Fields, Wesley's grave in the yard of his famous chapel, now left by removals with a comparatively small congregation. Preached in the evening in the chapel of the new Tabernacle and returned after meeting with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, to their delightful home, "*Trevethen*," 64 Manor Road, Stoke-Newington.

August 9. Called with Rev. W. E. Darby, Secretary of the London Peace Society, on Hon. Robert Lincoln, U. S. Minister to England. Had a delightful, social interview, but failed to secure or arrange for a desired interview with Mr. Gladstone who is at Hawarden, near Chester. Mr. Lincoln, who does not resemble his father in

person, impresses one as a wise and even cautious diplomat, complains of the pecuniary sacrifice involved in public offices like his and Mr. Whitlaw Reid's at Paris, is not in love with the English climate, but is gradually assimilating to social customs, like late hours at night and morning hours in bed. He has been very busy this summer with visiting Americans and seems unfailing in courtesies to his countrymen. Mr. Darby bespoke his kind interest in next year's Peace Congress in London. Any one, who like me loved Abraham Lincoln, will find much in his son to recall the father. Our minister is deservedly held in high esteem personally, as well as officially, in London.

Sunday, August 11. Worshipped at a fine Congregational Church filled with people, at Stamford Hill in the morning and at evening preached, "The relation of Peace to the Kingdom of God" at the New Tabernacle, Old Street, Rev. P. H. Davies, pastor. The presence of some of those specially engaged in the Peace work in Great Britain was a peculiar encouragement. An international work should be international in spirit and method. Only from the heights of God's Kingdom can we accurately discern the needed changes between and among nations so that the "kingdoms of this world" may become speedily, what they are to become ultimately, "*The Kingdom of our Lord and His Christ.*"

August 12-14. These were the last days in London, busily employed in the errands and avocations that accumulate towards the close of a sojourn abroad and a return home, where the ocean, the distance, and the want of personal intercourse make certain things impracticable which may easily be done here. To-day, the 14th, I bade my dear friends good-by, at pleasant, quiet Watford, walked around for a last look at the pleasant home of Mrs. Frye and Cassioberry Park and the ancient home of the aged Earl of Essex, sought my apartment on the railroad train, the dull clouds and falling rain adding no discomfort, sped swiftly homeward by the Liverpool express.

August 15. The rain, which continued incessantly while I was "doing" Liverpool, held up for us to embark to-day at 12 o'clock on the *Cephalonia* for Boston. Beside my considerate and kind room-mate, Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., I was glad to meet Prof. and Mrs. Palmer (*née* Alice Freeman) and Prof. William James of Harvard College; Prof. and Mrs. Prince of Waltham, Mass., and many others deeply interested in those educational and religious problems that occupy so many of us. Many had been at Paris, some merely to "see the show;" but many to add to their ideas and their culture. Various Congresses connected with the Exposition were represented by returning delegates.

August 16-25. A sea voyage which in former years used to be so full of matter for my diary left it almost blank this trip. We had but one or two rough days and no striking or unusual incidents. Monotony is the rule on shipboard, incident the exception. The call at Queenstown; the Episcopal service read in a perfunctory way by the captain on Sunday; the praise meeting in the saloon; two devotional meetings with the passengers below; frequent interviews with newly made friends; reading, conversation, with touches of discomfort from sea sickness and a most inspiring "arrival" in Massachusetts Bay on the second Sunday morning, are the things I recall. As the fog lifted and the summer sun shone upon the islands, shores and homes of my dear

country, some could not restrain tears which expressed exultation and thanksgiving for our country and such a country!

Our last night on the *Cephalonia* was enlivened by poetic contributions publicly read, in which the passengers, the crew, the ship and the voyage with its incidents were celebrated in humorous ditties of various merit.

The wharf was less picturesque than the Bay! We were detained from 10.30 A. M. to 3.30 P. M., at East Boston, waiting for the last package to come up from the "hold" for custom-house inspection. But at 4 o'clock I was at my office, and at 5, at my house, which in the absence of my family was closed, but the hospitality of a kind neighbor made a cheerful welcome. It was something refreshing to sleep unrocked by the waves and in my accustomed bed, though alone in the house usually resounding with familiar feet and voices. The entire Sabbath was inquiet, unrestful, unpuritanic, unamerican, unchristian and unsatisfactory.

Saturday, August 31. After a week of work in Boston Office, on periodicals and accumulated correspondence, joined my family at Farmington, Me., and to-day enjoyed a season of conference and prayer with the Congregational Church, of which I was pastor 1860-70. The present pastor, Rev. Hugh Elder, is in England.

Sunday, September 1. Text, Romans xiv. 17, "The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." The more public service was followed by the Lord's Supper and by sharing the instruction of an interesting class in the Sunday-school, taught by Prof. Purinton, Principal of the State Normal School located here. In the evening, I gave a brief discourse to the children and afterward some account of the Paris Peace Congress. There are several members of the American Peace Society here and others sincerely interested in our work. To meet them in public or private is always encouraging.

Tuesday, September 3. Fulfilled a long cherished purpose by starting with my family at 6 A. M., and driving in the cool morning over the picturesque "Ridge" in Chesterville, with its little lakelets on either hand shaded by forest trees and over "the Hill," stopping at the house hallowed by the residence of that praying and working man of God, Rev. Jotham Sewall, who early in the century laid the foundation of nearly one hundred churches in Maine, "Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone." Thence to the Methodist camp-ground at East Livermore, to which I walked when a boy from Kent's Hill Seminary and where at my last visit, I attended the funeral of my dear old neighbor, friend and brother, Rev. John Allen, calling upon friends of my mother's and a pupil of my own who live near by. Thence pushing on over roads and scenes familiar to me from childhood to the farm in the town of Leeds, where my grandfather, grandmother, father and mother lived, and where myself and two brothers were born, now occupied by our kind cousins, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Foss and family. My brother, Gen. O. O. Howard, wife and two children from New York, and my three older sons from Denver, Col., and Portland, Me., met us there after our forty-mile drive. We strolled over the familiar fields and the great orchard and ascended the "Hill;" visited the graves of grandparents and other relatives in the family cemetery, sung some songs and talked of old times, prayed together and slept here and at a hospitable neighbor's.

September 4. Visited with our children, scenes familiar to our childhood, the District School House, where we attended and afterward taught school, the grave of our father, the homes of relatives, the river and "great pond" with its long "cape," the pleasant little villages of Wayne and Winthrop, a place on the border of the two towns where at fifteen, I taught my first school, concluding the day by a pleasant prayer-meeting at the latter village. Then came separations, good-bys and a night of rest. To-morrow we return to Boston and our party disperse. When and where shall we meet again?

September 5-22. Correspondence, editorial and literary work in my office, and study, all to promote one object, Peace. No incidents or journeys to record for eighteen days. It is sometimes said to me, "Do you not travel much of the time?" No, seven-eighths of my days are spent at my desk. The diary leaves them unmentioned.

Monday, September 23. A full and pleasant meeting of our Executive Committee, the doings of which are recorded in the *Advocate* for Sept.—Oct.

Sunday, October 6. Public meeting in the Columbus Avenue Church (Universalist). A good attendance. Addresses (reported and published), by Hon. Robert Treat Paine, Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., Francis B. Gilman and myself on the Paris Peace Congress.

Tuesday, October 15. In New York attending anniversary of the A. B. C. F. M. with my wife. Attended prayer-meeting at Grove Street, E. Orange, N. J.

Wednesday, October 16-17. At missionary meeting and at my brother's, Governor's Island, N. Y.

Friday, October 18. Made some calls in the interest of the Peace work and attended closing missionary meeting and returned to Boston by Fall River steamer.

Sunday, October 20. Preached at Congregational Church, West Medford, Mass., and delivered an address on Peace in the evening.

Sunday, October 27. By invitation of the Sunday-school of the Baptist Church, Medford, of which Dr. Abbott is pastor, I made a brief address at their anniversary.

Sunday, November 10. Preached at Congregational Church at Arlington, Mass., A. M., and addressed a Union meeting at the same church in the evening. Was assisted by Rev. Messrs. Lord and Tomlinson, of the Unitarian and Universalist churches, respectively, in the pulpit services, which were conducted with reference to the abolition of war.

Sunday, November 17. At Baldwinville, Mass. Assisted at Baptist Church, A. M. The Baptist pastor aided at the Peace service at the Congregational Church, P. M. Gave a lecture in the evening, Peace lessons from the battlefield of Gettysburg. A Grand Army Post attended, and its members expressed much interest in the subject. Rev. J. W. Hird is pastor-elect of this interesting people, and commences his labors in January, 1890.

Sunday, December 1. At the request of Rev. L. H. Angier, who is temporary pastor, I preached at Templeton, Mass., on war and the Gospel, A. M., and the World's Peace Congress in the evening. A lovely winter's day spent at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. May. My overcoat, bought in Scotland, was stolen the day before from my Boston office closet, but by dint of borrowing, I did not suffer from cold. I enjoyed a bright and teachable Sunday-school class, and some cordial greetings from former soldiers and officers of the Union Army.

Thursday and Friday, December 5-6. Attended meetings of William Jones, of England, at Providence, R. I., account of which is given elsewhere. I was the guest of Benjamin F. Knowles of our Executive Committee.

Saturday, December 7. Attended meeting of the Rhode Island Peace Society at the office of R. P. Gifford, Secretary. An appropriation was made to the American Peace Society, and measures were proposed and discussed for future work in the State.

Sunday, December 8. A violent rain-storm prevent a large congregation at the North Providence Congregational Church, among whom were several representatives of the Rhode Island Peace Society and the Society of Friends. Rev. P. S. Hulbert, the pastor, followed my address on the Paris Peace Congress with an eloquent avowal of his own peace creed.

December 12. Francis Brown Gilman, my boyhood's friend, companion of my journeys, my brother in Christ, with whom I had spent so much of the past summer, died of pneumonia at his Cambridge home, at 1 A. M. Elsewhere there are brief accounts of his life and funeral obsequies. But no tongue or pen can tell what it is to lose a real friend.

December 14. At Wilmington, Mass. Preached A. M. on "The Scriptural Doctrine of Peace," and at evening spoke on my European experiences. A snow-storm prevented even the usual attendance at these services, but I greatly enjoyed this Sabbath, both the public services and my home with the family of Rev. Elijah Harmon, and a visit at the home of Mr. Lemuel Eames.

December 17. Visited ex-Secretary Rev. H. C. Dunham, Winthrop, Mass., and enjoyed conferring on matters which deeply interest us concerning our work.

Sunday, December 29. Attended A. M. Congregational Sunday-school, Rockport, Mass. Preached P. M. at Baptist Church and in the evening addressed a meeting composed of three congregations on "What I saw in Paris."

Monday, December 30. Participated in an ecclesiastical council at Pigeon Cove, Mass., and in the evening gave the "charge" to the new pastor, Rev. F. I. Kelly. At 10 A. M. attended the ministers' meeting of Cape Ann at Manchester.

January 6-11. Attended meetings in the Congregational House, Boston, from 11.30 to 12, each day, and evening meetings at home and elsewhere. The numbers are greatly reduced by the prevailing distemper *La Grippe*, but many of the meetings were spiritually refreshing and promising.

Sunday, January 12. Heard a profound and uplifting sermon by Rev. E. K. Alden, D.D., of Boston, who was pastor of the church which I attended when a pupil in North Yarmouth Academy, Maine, 1850-51. Half a century has changed us both and has made him increasingly a ripe Christian scholar and a preacher, eloquent, tender, searching and salvatory. His text was Isa. xxvi. 3, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." His subject was Peace. He traced man's peace to faith in God and mentioned among his inferences that "Peace is Power." This was impressively illustrated by the quiet but immeasurable force of a great shaft that moves acres of machinery, and still more vividly by the moon and stars; so still, so placid and yet so enormous as to bulk, so influential through the force of gravity and so incredible in velocity. Such is the peace that gives power to the

Christian. "It passes understanding." He quoted this passage from the Pilgrim's Progress :

"The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was 'Peace,' where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang,

"Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus, for the men that pilgrims are,
Thus to provide that I should be forgiven,
And dwell already the next door to heaven!"

January 17. Assisted Rev. Mr. Luck, pastor of Rev. D. D. Tappan, at Topsfield, Mass., twenty-five miles north of Boston, at the sweet and solemn obsequies. "His soul seemed to flutter and then fly to God on wings of prayer" was what was said of the close of this long and blessed life on earth. Now for the more blessed one above!

January 20. Heard Hon. Robert Treat Paine at Pilgrim Hall, address the Congregational ministers of Boston and others most instructively and impressively on the evil tendency of the tenement house system in great cities and remedies for the same. Mr. Paine advocates convincingly co-operative banks and cheap, separate, or "cottage" houses.

BISMARCK'S DUEL.

An anecdote of Bismarck, when he was Prussian Ambassador to the German (Frankfort) Diet, has just come to light. He did not get along well with Count Rechberg, the Austrian Ambassador, and on one occasion things came to such a pitch that Count Rechberg, entirely losing his self-control, passionately exclaimed: "One of my friends shall wait on you in the morning." "Why all this unnecessary delay?" Herr von Bismarck coolly replied: "In all probability you have a pair of pistols handy. Let us settle the matter immediately. While you get the things ready I shall write a report about the whole transaction, which, in case I am killed, I request you to forward to Berlin." Both set about their work. When Bismarck had finished he handed the sheet to Count Rechberg, requesting him to examine the same. Rechberg's passion had in the meantime given way to sober reflection. After having perused the report he said: "What you say here is quite correct; but is it really worth while to fight a duel for such a reason?" "That is exactly my opinion," was Bismarck's answer, and the matter ended.

If nations would sit down (by their representatives) and "write out" carefully their grievances, wars would be prevented as surely as this duel was.

—Everything indicates a peaceable settlement of the difficulties between Portugal and England as to disputes in Africa. The United States is mistakenly said to have made common cause with England as to Portuguese aggressions in Africa. It does demand payment for a railroad built and owned in part by our citizens at Delagoa Bay and defaulted to the Portuguese Government. American missionaries complain of the unfriendly attitude of the Portuguese representatives in Africa towards their work.

PORTUGAL AND GREAT BRITAIN.

The London International Arbitration and Peace Association, of which Mr. Hodgson Pratt is the chairman, has sent a letter embodying the following resolutions to the Marquis of Salisbury and to the Portuguese Minister, Senor d'Antas, for transmission to his Government of Lisbon:

Conflict of opinion existing between the English and Portuguese Governments respecting certain territories in East Africa:

This committee having considered the correspondence which has appeared in the public Press respecting the differences of view entertained by the British and Portuguese Governments connected with their respective interests in certain territories of East Africa, and connected with certain incidents of recent occurrence therein, adopts the following resolutions:

1. That in the event of the Governments of Great Britain and Portugal being unable to arrive at a complete understanding in reference to the questions at issue, it is desirable that they be forthwith submitted for decision to an arbitrator, who from his position and character would command the confidence of the two nations, such arbitrator being assisted by competent jurists selected from States which are alike neutral and free from all interest in the ultimate decision.

Resolved, further, that inasmuch as the interests in question involve to a great extent matters of fact, neither of the two Governments concerned is in a position to arrive at an absolutely right and impartial conclusion.

Whereas the desire of a great nation should alone be that of securing a settlement which is perfectly just to both parties concerned:

Resolved, further, that in view of the increasing resort to arbitration by various Governments, and quite recently by France and Holland as to a frontier dispute in Guiana, and by Germany and Spain as to the Carolines, it would be a matter for profound regret if her Majesty's Government should fail to recognize this rational and equitable mode of proceeding, especially in a case where the difference of strength in the two States would make it discreditable for the stronger to avail itself of its material advantages directly or indirectly.

Resolved, further, that an additional argument, if one were needed, for this course of proceeding is afforded by the fact that the Portuguese Government is stated to be willing that the questions should be decided in this manner if that course is proposed by Great Britain.

Resolved, further, that copies of these resolutions be forwarded to her Majesty's Government and to that of the King of Portugal.

"'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! Whole kingdoms fell,
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill; and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah, why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?"

—Dr. Porteus.